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## GRANT MEMORIAL SERVICES.

A mere statesman in the place of Lincoln and a mere soldier in the place of Grant might, indeed, have maintained the Government at Washington and overthrown the rebellion in the field. But the world was entitled to a larger outcome of these four tempestuous years—the new birth of freedom, the new national unity, the new outlook of the Republic in the midst of the ages. There were voices heard that lifted the civil war above all bloodshed of history; one at the beginning, saying, with tender eloquence, "We are not enemies, but friends;" the other at the end, in words that transfigured the face of Victory with a divine illumination, saying, "Let us have peace!"

## REMARKS

OF

HON. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER,  
OF IOWA,

IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1900.

WASHINGTON.  
1900.





REMARKS  
OF  
HON. JONATHAN P. DOLLIVER.

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The House having under consideration the following resolutions:

*Resolved by the House of Representatives (the Senate concurring).* That the thanks of Congress be given to the Grand Army of the Republic for the statue of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.

*Resolved.* That the statue be accepted and placed in the Capitol, and that a copy of these resolutions, signed by the presiding officers of the House of Representatives and the Senate, be forwarded to the chairman of the committee of the Grand Army of the Republic on the Grant Memorial"—

Mr. DOLLIVER said:

Mr. SPEAKER: I would very much have preferred to be silent on an occasion like this, when the old comrades of General Grant and representatives of the Confederate army have been paying these tributes to his memory; and I would not consent to say a word now except upon the request of the committee in charge of the ceremonies, who have been kind enough to suggest that there is a sense in which I may be said to speak for the generation born since 1850, which had not the privilege of bearing even a humble part in the national defense. In that year Thomas Carlyle, in a pamphlet, fierce and barbarous, called the "Present Time," wrote these words, curiously made up of sympathy and of sneer:

America's battle is yet to fight; and we sorrowful, though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it; and she will have her own agony and her own victory, though on other terms than she is now quite aware of. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship or loyally admire has yet been produced there?

It is not certain that the belated prophet, crying in the wilderness of the Old World, lived long enough to revise this opinion of the new; but it is certain that he lived to see America find strength to fight her battle, to bear her agony, and to win her victory on such terms as were appointed; that he lived to see the grave of Abraham Lincoln become a shrine for the pilgrimage of the human race and to hear the name of Ulysses S. Grant saluted in all the languages of the earth; and had his days been lengthened but a little he would have seen the canon of Westminster open the doors of that venerable monument to admit the silent American soldier into the household of English-spoken fame. [Applause.]

The unchallenged place of General Grant in history expresses, as far as such thing can be expressed, the value of his service to his own nation and to his own age, and to all nations and all ages. Without a trace of selfish ambition in his entire career, he was in a high sense, from his youth up, guided by an inward monition that he was to play a decisive part in the arena of national affairs. At least twice in his life, by his own modest statement, he felt within himself a distinct intimation of the future—once, on the day he graduated at West Point, and afterwards, on the day that Vicksburg fell.

It may be an idle fancy, but it is not hard to believe that every step he took, from the farm to the Academy, from the Academy to the frontier, from the frontier through the Mexican campaign,



and thence to private life, a life of toil and self-suppression, from which, with a timid and hesitating request for a small command, he emerged into the Union Army, was part of the preparation, the post-graduate course, for the full equipment of this mysterious man. The greatest of his lieutenants said: "To me he is a mystery; and I believe he is a mystery to himself." If he had said to his classmates, "I will one day take Scott's place on review," he would have been laughed out of the Army.

If, after Vicksburg, he had announced that he was the one general in the Army able to bring the rebellion to an end, he would have gone the way of all the others. Yet both these thoughts were in his head, and we can not regret that in the shadow of the end, when in pain and anguish he was writing for posterity the story of his public life, he was moved to throw this light upon the inner life he lived within himself. There are those who impeach the whole social fabric because it imposes upon all a strenuous struggle for existence, and we have often heard that opportunity alone makes the difference between failure and success. That is the philosophy of a little world; for we know that without burdens there is no strength and that in exposed places, open to the storms of all skies, the frame of manhood takes upon itself the rugged fiber which is the master of opportunity, a victor over circumstances, a crowned athlete in the games of fortune and achievement.

General Grant belongs to the new departure, which dates from 1860. Though a man of mature years, he can scarcely be said to have lived before that time. He did not take enough interest in the Army to hold on to his commission; nor in his Missouri farm to make a living out of it; nor in the leather store in Galena to go back and lock it up after he heard of the fall of Fort Sumter. In a sense he had no politics. He voted for Buchanan in 1856, although he states in his Memoirs that he did it not out of affection for Buchanan, but because he had an old grudge against Fremont. [Laughter.] His politics were even more ambiguous than some of the heroes of later times. [Laughter and applause.] With the inheritance of a Whig, he joined a Know-Nothing lodge; and while his sympathies were with Douglas, he spent that fall drilling the "Lincoln Wide Awakes." It almost looks as if Providence, needing him for the new age, kept him clear and free from the confusion of tongues that preceded it.

It is well-nigh impossible, even with the history of our country in our hands, to make our way through the political wilderness of fifty years ago. The most pathetic thing in the development of the nation is the picture of our fathers poring for generations over the musty volumes of the old debates, wearing the Federalist and Madison Papers to the covers, in their vain and hopeless search for the foundation of the faith. Washington grandly comprehended the Constitution he had helped to make; but that did not keep the legislature of Virginia from disowning the national authority while he yet lived in honored retirement at Mount Vernon.

Daniel Webster, supreme among the giants of those days, vindicated the national institutions in speeches that have become classic in the literature of our tongue; yet even our schoolboys can not recite them without a sense of humiliation that his great antagonists were able to dog the steps of that lofty argument with minutes of the Hartford convention, showing Massachusetts on the edge of the precipice before she had finished building Bunker

Hill Monument. Andrew Jackson quit the game of politics long enough to swear his mighty oath, "By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved;" but that did not prevent the State of South Carolina from organizing her people against the national authority while old soldiers of the Revolution still survived among them.

Little by little the nation had shriveled and diminished and the important States increased, until, as the older men on this floor can remember, the bonds of the United States offered for sale, were bid for in the money centers of Europe, and especially by the bankers of Holland, on condition that they should be countersigned by the State of Virginia. They knew that Virginia was on the map before the United States was, and they had a dim sort of suspicion that they might be able to locate the State of Virginia after the United States of America had disappeared from the map of the world. [Laughter.]

I would not heedlessly disparage any State, or any section, or any of the statesmen of that period. If they were called to deal with a situation to which they were not equal, it was one for which they were not responsible. James Buchanan was in no sense an ordinary man. He was all his lifetime a leader of men, though he was left at the end of his generation impotently trying to answer elemental and volcanic questions with the dead phrases of an obsolete vocabulary.

The conclusion had come. The time for rewriting the charter was at hand. The joint debate of lawyers, long a nuisance among men, had at last become an offense to heaven. The darkness upon the path of the Republic had grown too dense to walk in. Yet the truth was never altogether without witnesses; there were always some eyes that could see and some ears that could hear. But the mobs that threatened William Lloyd Garrison in the streets of Boston, that drove John Greenleaf Whittier out of New England villages—what did they care for the testimony of John Quincy Adams, still eloquent in the grave? And the champions of freedom, worn out by their long vigil in the night of slavery, frantically denouncing the Constitution as "a covenant with hell"—what had they learned of that great son of New England, who, in the debate with Hayne, had filled the old Senate Chamber, where the Supreme Court now sits, with the splendor of his unrivaled genius?

A new era was at hand, and the events became dramatic, with the swiftest changes in the scenery; for within two years from the day the militia of Virginia paraded about the scaffold of John Brown the soul of that poor, old, immortal madman was marching before the mightiest armed host the world ever saw, upon whose banners had been written the sublime promises of public liberty. [Applause.]

That was our heroic age, and out of it came forth our ideal heroes—Lincoln, and the trusted counselors who sat by his side; Grant, and the generals who obeyed his orders; and behind them both and back of all, the countless ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic, ready and eager for that strange sacrifice of blood by which our weary and heavy-laden century has been redeemed. [Applause.]

It would not be possible, even if it were appropriate at this hour, to speak at length of General Grant's relation to those torn and bleeding years. Memory is still rich with the thoughts and emo-

tions of that epoch, while for the youth of the nation the story of that rising reputation is handed down in pages more fascinating than the legends of chivalry.

He came into the Union Army without a friend; he left it above all rank. His brave but undistinguished service in Mexico had been forgotten, so that when he presented himself for duty they did not even answer his letters. He earned every promotion that he ever had, and asked for recognition only in the language of what he did. [Applause.] The woods around the old church at Shiloh showed the field soldier at his best.

At the end of the first day, when his army, 30,000 strong, was in confusion, General Beauregard felt warranted in announcing to the Davis government a complete victory. Before another nightfall Beauregard had obtained ideas on the subject of victory of a most instructive kind. [Laughter.] He had learned that he was dealing with a man who had the art of crowding two battles into one; the fixed habit of making no report until the thing was over. [Laughter and applause.] When General Buell, miles in advance of his troops, came upon the field and found scattered thousands of Grant's army huddled under the cover of the river bank, he said: "What preparations have been made for the retreat?" "I have not despaired of whipping them yet," said General Grant. "But if you should be compelled to fall back you have transports for only 10,000 men." "If I retreat," said the grim soldier, "10,000 men is all I shall need transports for." [Applause.]

A recent writer in a leading French review, commenting upon Gen. Horace Porter's Memoirs, takes occasion to deny to General Grant any place in the society of the world's great captains, and with a complaisance that amounts almost to jocose satire, in view of what has lately happened in this world, refuses even to our civil war a place among the great conflicts of history, stating that it was more akin to the rude combats of antiquity than to modern European warfare. But "such a criticism of military skill," if you will allow me to use the words of James G. Blaine, "is idle chatter in the face of an unbroken career of victory. When he was appointed Lieutenant-General and placed in command of all the armies of the Union, he exercised military control over a greater number of men than any general since the invention of firearms. In the campaigns of 1864 and 1865 the armies of the Union contained in the aggregate not less than a million men. The movements of all these vast forces were kept in harmony by his comprehensive mind, and in the grand consummation which insured Union and liberty his name became inseparably associated with the true glory of his country." [Applause.]

I have heard the names of Napoleon and of Caesar and of Alexander referred to on this floor to-day. I care nothing about Alexander or Caesar or Napoleon. So far as I can make out, not one of them is entitled to the respect of civilized men; not one of them represented an idea that was worth fighting for, much less worth dying for. The Duke of Weimar used to tell his friends when they talked to him of Napoleon to "be of good courage, this Napoleonism is unjust, a falsehood, and can not last." It did not last; and to-day there is hardly a trace of the little Corsican adventurer in Europe except his grave.

There can be no great soldier without a great cause; and no cause is great that is not right. [Applause.] It was the sublime

fortune of Ulysses S. Grant to rise to the chief command of an army whose line of march was upon the highway of human progress, which carried with its muskets the future of civilization and in its heart the inviolable will of God.

The French military critic, to whose grotesque comment on General Grant as a soldier I have before alluded, discerns in him at least one thing for grudging eulogy. He says that "he was a good citizen." Without intending it and without being so constituted as ever to know it, he has touched the secret of this unique career, both in the field and in the capital—the secret of all real service of mankind—the thing that is making kings ridiculous and thrones unnecessary; the thing which has abolished the aristocracy of the sword and made that awkward and absurd weapon no longer the master, but the obedient servant of the State.

The feature of our civil war least comprehended by foreign critics, and only partially comprehended by ourselves, was the fact that as soon as a conflict was over, all sides were willing to put an end to strife and to take up the broken relations of civil life in harmony and good will. From a human standpoint the advice of General Scott to Mr. Seward, to "Let the erring sisters go in peace," contained a measure of wisdom; for it must have made men sick at heart to think of civil war with its awful ministry of blood and its legacy still more terrible of feud and passion and sullen malice left over to plague the nation long after the victory of arms was won.

A mere statesman in the place of Lincoln and a mere soldier in the place of Grant might, indeed, have maintained the Government at Washington and overthrown the rebellion in the field. But the world was entitled to a larger outcome of these four tempestuous years—the new birth of freedom, the new national unity, the new outlook of the Republic in the midst of the ages. There were voices heard that lifted the civil war above all bloodshed of history; one at the beginning, saying, with tender eloquence, "We are not enemies, but friends;" the other at the end, in words that transfigured the face of Victory with a divine illumination, saying, "Let us have peace!" [Applause.]

Is it any wonder that within a single generation every evil passion of the strife is dead, every bitter memory of the past forgotten? Is it any wonder that the boys who cheered the defenders of Vicksburg as they stacked their arms, who divided their rations with the Army of Northern Virginia, while Grant and Lee sat down to talk together as countrymen and friends, have done their part, with the boys in gray, to bring in the new era of American patriotism? [Applause.]

We have often heard the details of the war discussed, and I read not very long ago a book devoted to the subject, "Why the Confederacy failed." There have been endless disputes as to which army was victorious in this engagement or in that, and I have heard it said on this floor that the Confederate army was never really whipped; that it simply wore itself out whipping General Grant. But here is a victory in which both armies have a share; that rich and splendid conquest of the hearts of men: nobler and worthier in the sight of heaven than captured trophies or the spoils of war! [Applause.]

It was once a fashion in some quarters to exaggerate the reputation of General Grant as a soldier as a sort of background on which to draw a mean picture of his figure in civil life. I have



no sympathy with any such opinion. It is not credible that God endowed a man with the faculties required to order the steps of a million men in arms and at the same time left his eyes holden that he should not see the needs of his age and the destiny of his country. What man of his time had a clearer appreciation of the value of the public credit or did as much as he to establish the disordered finances of the civil war upon a safe foundation? [Applause.]

When he took the oath of office in 1869 he found the country filled with clamor about the payment of the public debt, some demanding its settlement in depreciated notes; others calling for new issues of paper promises, the cheap and easy product of the engraver's art, with which to wipe out the bonds which had been issued for the common defense. Into that noisy controversy came this calm and immovable man and from the east portico of the Capitol uttered words that have become part of the national character: "Let it be understood that no repudiator of one farthing of the national debt will be trusted in any public place." And from that hour the national credit of America, without limit and without terms, has been as good as gold in all the markets of the earth. [Applause.]

I count it also as a part of General Grant's place in history that he gave the sanction of his office to the most benignant treaty ever drawn between two nations, the treaty by which a deep-seated international difference was submitted to a high tribunal instead of being made a cause of war between two kindred peoples, which ought to stand side by side for the freedom of the world. [Applause.] Thus the man of war becomes the advocate of the world's peace, and turning to his own countrymen in his second appearance to take the oath as President, he makes a confession of his faith in the future of our race so serene and devout that it reflects the inspired visions of old and gives reality to the rapt aspirations of the poets and prophets of all centuries.

In his last annual message General Grant laments the fact that he was "called to the office of Chief Executive without any previous political training." He was too busy in the years that intervened between his auction of stock and farm machinery on the little Missouri homestead and his entrance into the White House to study politics either as a science or an art. But there was one thing which he brought with him into civil life more important than anything else, and that was a firm confidence in the American people and a settled faith that in all great emergencies they may be trusted to sacredly guard their own interests and the public welfare.

It was that steady confidence which enabled him, when the Santo Domingo treaty was rejected by the Senate, in a storm of vituperation from which even his own high office did not escape, to appeal to the people of the United States, and in the language of his special message seek a decision from "that tribunal whose convictions so seldom err and against whose will I have no policy to enforce."

Because he believed in his countrymen he had faith in his country, and he expressed his belief that the civilized world was tending toward government by the people through their chosen representatives. "I do not share," said he in his second inaugural, "in the apprehension held by many as to the danger of governments being weakened or destroyed by reason of the extension of their

territory. Commerce, education, rapid transit of thought and matter by telegraph have changed all this." It is not possible to think of him in the midst of such problems as now beset our affairs, deliberately adding to the national burden by defaming his country in order to exalt the motives of a mob of swift-footed barbarians in the Philippine Islands.

At least once in his Administration, at a crisis in the Cuban situation, he ordered the Navy to prepare for action, and if the brief conflict with Spain, which the present Government was not able to avoid, had come in his time, it would simply have anticipated the grave events of recent years; leaving us twenty years ago, with vastly less preparation, exactly where we are to-day. In that case who can imagine General Grant directing the Navy to throw its victories into the sea, or ordering our brave little armies of occupation to run headlong for their transports, leaving life and property and the social order in the keeping of half-naked tribes?

It does not require a very difficult feat of the imagination to hear the voice of the old commander, the voice of the battlefields upon which the American flag has been sanctified to the service of civilization, bidding his countrymen go forward in the fear of God, hopeful and courageous under the burdens of their day and generation. His comrades have presented to this Capitol his statue, a beautiful thing in itself, a thing, I believe, unheard of in the military traditions of any country except our own. It stands yonder in the Rotunda among our historic treasures. It will preserve his features and the inscription of his name until the heavens be no more. When the nation of America shall build in this capital, as it one day will, a monument to General Grant, it need not show forth the image of his person, it need not contain the record of his fame, for like the column of Waterloo proposed for Wellington in the graphic and noble conception of Victor Hugo's fiction, it shall not bear aloft the figure of a man; it shall be the memorial of a nation, the statue of a people. [Loud and prolonged applause on the floor and in the galleries.]











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